☞Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

AT HOME.

At Home we keep our treasures, the precious ones of life;
Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Children, Husband, Wife;
At Home we lay foundations for coming good or ill,
And start out on our journey up life's uneven hill.

At Home.

At Home we build heart temples wherein we may enshrine
The altars and the tables where our olive branches twine;
At Home we ask and answer the questionings of fate,
And seek to find the narrow path up to the gate that's straight,

At Home.

At Home we shun the broader way to gates that open wide,
And hold the path of rectitude when opening paths divide;
At Home we trace the chart of Time, with mingled hopes and fears,
Find pain and pleasure, sun and storm mid treasured smiles and tears;

At Home.

At Home, where loved ones gather, the purest joys we know,
While holding closely in embrace our own, for weal or woe;
At Home we drink of sorrow's cup when fails affliction's tear,
And greetings and farewells are said by these we hold most dear,

At Home.

At Home we tire and wander, but though we roam afar,
We keep the range and reckoning of our magnetic star
At Home, the dearest spot on earth, where deftly and with zest
We weave life's web to lay it down and seek eternal rest,

At Home.
—*Clark W. Bryan.*

GUARDING WINDSOR.

How This is Accomplished, Day and Night.

The Guard's Round of Duty—Their Commissary Department—An Eerie Quarter in the "Small Hours"—The Inspecting Officer.

Though the honor implied in the protection of the principal residence of the sovereign is considerable, military duty at Windsor is not by any means held in high estimation by soldiers, that is to say by those whose lot it is to perform the ordinary functions of "sentry-go" around the castle. In a word, the duty is "hard." This term, applied to peace-time soldiering, means that the men have few "nights in bed"—the criterion by which such service is invariably judged. At some stations the rank and file have as many as twenty of these coveted consecutive nights in barracks; but at Windsor the present writer has at times enjoyed the honor of passing every third night on the exposed terraces of the castle; and as the "Queen's Regulations" lay particular stress on each soldier having at least one "night in bed" before going on guard, it will be granted that the Windsor duty is not unjustly considered somewhat trying. Perhaps a glimpse at the inner life of the Castle-guard may interest some readers.

The armed party, which consists of some fifty soldiers, is under command of an officer, assisted by two sergeants, together with as many corporals, and it enters upon its twenty-four hours' tour of duty in the afternoon. A drummer-boy also "mounts;" his chief employment being to go messages and to carry the lantern used in making the nocturnal "rounds." When the guard marches into the lower ward of the castle, after having in its progress considerably enlivened the quiet streets of Windsor, the "old" guard is formally relieved, and the men not immediately required as sentinels take possession of the guard-room—a large, comparatively modern building, in the vicinity of the antique Curfew Tower. With a view, probably, to the preservation of discipline, the two sergeants are provided with a "bunk," a small portion of the area of the apartment partitioned off, and fitted with a minature guardbed. Here they often employ their time in the making up of pay-lists, duty-rosters, and the like. On entering the guardroom, the privates quickly divest themselves of their valises and folded greatcoats; for it is now admitted by the authorities that a sentry may march about quite "steadily" without being constantly burdened with his kit. The valises are suspended from rows of pegs furnished for this purpose; and—what in fine weather might seem surprising—the greatcoats set free from their tightly-buckled straps. Ostensibly, the "loose" coats are necessary to spread out on the guard-bed, so as to slightly soften that uneasy couch, as well as to prevent dust, which may there have lodged, from adhering to the tunics of recumbent guardsmen. But the real reason for shaking out these garments frequently is to allow them to dry, because in many cases they have been liberally sprinkled with water before being buckled up, to insure a more compact "fold."

A stranger to things military, on surreptitiously glancing in at the guard-room door early in the day, and while the sentry's back was turned, would notice a large number of white basins drawn up on the tables and "dressed" with extraordinary precision. These vessels are placed in position for the reception of the soup, which is served shortly before mid-day, and they bring us to the important subject of the culinary department. There are four cooks connected with the castle guard. One is "corporal of the cooks;" another is "standing" (or permanent) cook; and the remaining two are merely sent daily on "fatigue" from the barracks. The provisions are conveyed to the castle in a barrow of peculiar construction and deposited in the cook house—a place not at all resembling a conventional kitchen, but both in situation and appearance very like the dungeons one is occasionally introduced to when visiting ancient strongholds. In this dismal region are capacious "coppers," in any one of which soup, beef, vegetables or tea can be prepared.

To return, however, to the proceedings of the members of the guard. When they have satisfactorily arranged their equipments and, above all, thoroughly repolished their boots, a corporal calls for silence. This obtained, he begins to make out the duty-roll, or "detail" as it is usually termed, of the sentries; and when the detail is completed, he affixes to the wall in a primitive fashion—with pieces of damp ration bread—a short abstract, in which the men are represented by figures. To the unitiated observer, the purport of this might be rather puzzling. After a particular numeral, for example, is inscribed the word "cocoa." The soldier to whom it refers has assigned to him the task of preparing the beverage named, which is issued to the guard at midnight—the "standing" cook having the privilege of every night in bed. The abstract is attentively perused by the men, who sometimes take private memoranda of the parts of its contents that apply to them individually. Not unfrequently this is done with a pencil on their pipe-clayed gun-slings in such a position as not to be apparent to the inspecting officer.

As soon as every one has mastered the corporal's hieroglyphics, a sergeant issues from the bunk already alluded to, bearing the "order-board," which is of rather portentous dimensions. As the great majority of the men know the regulations off by heart, they are read in a slightly hasty and perfunctory manner; though, with true military exactness, not a word is omitted. There is little in the list of orders that calls for special remark; but one paragraph is, we imagine, almost, if not quite unknown elsewhere; it relates to the conduct of the corporals when marching round the "relief." If, when so marching along with his men, Her Majesty the Queen should meet or pass the party, the non-commissioned officer is directed to halt his subordinates, draw them up in "open order," and see that the appropriate salute is rendered. The curious order which prohibits soldiers from "working at their trade while on guard" is of course represented on the board; but as a matter of fact, some men pass a good deal of their spare time in the not very martial occupation of making beadwork pincushions. These articles, however, command somewhat tempting prices, especially in the metropolis.

While the men of the guard have thus been engaged, the commandant has taken over his quarters, adjacent to the guardroom, and reached by a pretty long stone stair, well worn by the iron-shod heels of many generations of corporals and drummer-boys. Soon after mounting duty, the officer is joined by his servant, who brings with him a portmanteau containing various comforts. A cooking department is also required in the case of the officer, whose meals, however, are conveyed to him by the messmen from barracks. Before long, the steps of a corporal ascending the stair warn the Captain of the guard that the hour approaches for him to march off the "second relief."

The "posts" are numerous. One sentinel paces about in front of the guardroom, much of his attention being devoted to saluting the Knights Pensioners of Windsor, who reside in the lower ward of the castle. Another soldier has ample leisure to examine the architectural features of the celebrated Round Tower, at the base of which he is stationed. A third takes post on the North Terrace, where a splendid prospect enlivens the monotony of his vigil, and whence, if of philological turn, he can contemplate the windings of the river which are said to have given the place the name Wind-shore or Windsor. Or, if historically inclined, he may recollect that the North Terrace was once the favorite promenade, for an hour before dinner, of Queen Elizabeth, to whom it is alleged the English soldier was originally indebted for his daily ration of beef. Then there are two sentries on the eastern facade of the castle. These men are in close proximity to the royal apartments. By night, they do not challenge in the ordinary manner, but by two stamps with the right foot; and they are charged to pronounce the words "All's well" in an undertone. The grand entrance to the upper ward of the castle is in the keeping of a "double" sentry, as is also a gate near at hand; and there are several other sentry-posts which it would be tedious to visit in detail. In each sentry-box hangs a heavy watch-coat, which the soldier may put on when he thinks fit, and of the large buttons on this cloak he is expected to take sedulous care.

By night, the sentinels around Windsor Castle are slightly augmented in number; but it will only be necessary here to notice one night-post, the cloisters of St. George's Chapel. This is a somewhat eerie quarter in the small hours. There is a military tradition to the effect that the cloisters are occasionally visited by shadowy and unearthly forms, to the perturbation of young soldiers. The writer has had no experience of these supernatural visitants; but he has noticed, when marching round the relief, an unusual alacrity on the part of some men to quit the cloisters.

While the men on guard are engaged in their usual routine, the officer is not altogether idle; he inspects and marches off the relieving detachments at intervals of two hours; and in the afternoon visits the sentries, taking pains to ascertain that they are familiar with their instructions. At eleven o'clock at night he makes his "rounds," preceded by the drummer-boy with his lantern, as well as by a corporal bearing a bunch of keys, wherewith to open a number of iron gates in and near the castle; and when the rounds return to the lower ward, the Captain of the guard is at liberty to retire for the night.

In the morning, such members of the guard as may be slumbering are roused by the arrival of the cooking-party; and soon afterwards the officer's man, with his portmanteau, appears on the scene. Before long, a sergeant comes forth from the "bunk," uttering the mandate: "Get these coats folded." During the period when the equipments are being operated upon, the senior sergeant is engaged on the "guard report." One important part of this is already in print upon the form, and it commences by saying that "Nothing extraordinary has occurred during my tour of duty." When the sergeant has carefully finished the report, he takes it to the officer for signature, and on his return calls out: "Fall-in the guard." The men who are already accoutered, promptly form-up outside the guard-room; and the commandant is seen descending the stair from his quarters. Then the "new" guard arrives. In the course of half an hour, the first stroke bestowed by the big-drummer on his instrument announces to the "old" guard that their tour of duty is at an end.—*Chamber's Journal.*

THE COCOA PLANT.

Its Seeds, Commonly Known as Chocolate, First Used by Spanish Monks.

When Fernando Cortez went to Mexico in search of gold, the first discovery he made was chocolate. This new substance was considered a sort of wicked luxury, at least for monks, who were among the earliest to adopt it, but who were solemnly warned against its supposed peculiar effects.

Chocolate (or, as the Mexicans call it, *chocolalt*) is the popular name for the seeds of the cocoa plant, in a prepared state, generally with sugar and cinnamon. The Mexicans improve the flavor of the inferior sorts of cocoa seeds by burying them in the earth for a month and allowing them to ferment. The nutritious quality of either cocoa or chocolate is entirely owing to the oil or butter of cocoa which it contains. Cocoa-nibs, the best form of taking this production, are the seeds roughly crushed. When the seed is crushed between rollers, the result is flake cocoa. Common cocoa is the seed reduced to a paste and pressed into cakes. The cheap kinds of chocolate are said to be largely adulterated with lard, sago and red lead—a pernicious mixture for healthy stomachs; but what must it be for weak stomachs craving for food at once nutritious and easy of digestion? The "patent" chocolates are nothing more than various modes of preparing the cocoa seeds.

The ladies of Mexico are so excessively fond of chocolate that they not only take it several times during the day, but they occasionally have it brought to them in church, and during the service. A cup of good chocolate may, indeed, afford the drinker strength and patience to undergo a bad sermon. The bishops opposed it for a time, but they at length closed their eyes to the practice. Spain welcomed the gift of chocolate made her by Mexico with as much enthusiasm as she did that of gold by Peru; the metal she soon squandered, but chocolate is still to be found in abundance in the Peninsula. It is an especial favorite with ladies and monks, and it always appears on occasions when courtesy requires that refreshments should be offered. The Spanish monks sent presents to their brethren in French monasteries; and Anne, of Austria, on her marriage with Louis XIII, of France, brought a supply of chocolate from Spain, and it henceforth became an established custom.

In the days of the Regency it was far more commonly consumed than coffee, for it was then taken as an agreeable aliment, while coffee was still looked upon as a somewhat strange beverage, but certainly akin to luxury. In the opinion of Linnæus it must have surpassed all other nutritious preparations, or that naturalists would hardly have conferred upon it, as he did, the proud name of *Theobroma*—"food for the gods." The favorite drink of the Emperor Napoleon was *choca*, a mixture of coffee (with milk) and chocolate.

Invalids will do well to remember that chocolate made with vanilla is indigestible and injurious to the nerves. Indeed, there are few stomachs at all that can bear chocolate as a daily meal. It is a highly-concentrated aliment, and all such cease to act nutritiously if taken into daily use.—*Housewife.*

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

How a Loyal Soldier Was Punished for Saving a Princess' Life.

The etiquette or rules to be observed in royal palaces is necessary for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their Kings. Here is an instance at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one can not refrain from smiling.

Philip the Third was gravely seated by the fireside; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domesties could not presume to enter the apartment because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the King ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon as it was his business. The Duke was gone out; the fire burat fiercer; and the King endured it, rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier who knew the King's sister was in her apartment, and must have been consumed in a few minutes by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her Highness safe out in his arms! but the Sanish *etiquette* was here wofully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial; and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish Princess, however, condescended, in consideration of the circumstances, to *pardon* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life.—*Curiosities of Literature, Disraeli.*

—The entire lower part of an unsinkable life-boat recently patented is filled with slabs of cork. Above this is a filling of rushes, set up vertically, and having their ends rendered water-proof. Above the cork and rushes is a water-tight deck, which separates the lower half of the boat from the upper half, where seats are provided for crew and passengers.—*Chicago Times.*

—Large numbers of persimmon logs are being shipped to the North from Norfolk, Va., to be manufactured into shoe lasts, for which they are said to be particularly adapted.

MILK-MAKING.

Abstract of R. Lespinasse's Essay Read to the Dairymen of Illinois.

Upon good milk depends the prosperity of the dairy farmer, and that of millions of auxiliaries. It is to be taken for granted that the farm is adapted to the business, that the pasturage is good—that tame hay and other forage grows abundantly, and good cows have been secured. In spring and summer bountiful pasturage furnish material from which abundance of milk is made. In winter the animals are at the mercy of the farmer. As he deals with them, so will the returns be profitable, indifferent or absolutely unprofitable. Gentle handling is at all times necessary. Between the secretive and the nervous systems there is such an intimate connection that all shocks ought to be avoided.

Raise your own cows. Keep a milk record, and select heifers only from your best milkers. In breeding, grade rather than cross. Use a pure-bred bull of your chosen breed on your native cows. The offspring will generally follow the prepotency of the bull. Adopt the best method of feeding with a view to keep the greatest amount of stock on the same land. Soiling must of necessity become the common practice on land of high value. Land worth more than twenty dollars per acre can not profitably be used wholly for pasturing. The words of Israel Boies were almost prophetic, when seven years ago, in addressing this association he foretold the abandonment of pasturing, and the adoption of a complete system of soiling. His dream was partially fulfilled before his death. Dairymen of to-day are advancing with more rapid strides than anticipated. One of the essential problems in dairying is to maintain an even flow of good milk—to equalize irregularities of weather, flood and drouth, summer and winter, so that cows shall have about the same quality and amount of food at all times, the same or nearly the same general temperature, and nearly the same flow of milk. A variety of food is necessary—fodder, ensilage, early cut hay, grain, etc. Winter dairying is now much discussed. Its profits depend upon the warmth. We quote from H. C. Adams, of Wisconsin: "In winter save feed by keeping the cows warm. Give them warm water in the barn."

A dairyman wants the fat in the milk and not in the cow's ribs. Weed out the cows that put the feed upon their ribs rather than into the pail. Never mind their looks, "Handsome is that handsome does."

Every thing about the dairy should be brought down to rule. No rule of thumb, but weights and measures. A man who does not weigh and measure every thing about a dairy can not tell what he is doing. It costs more to make milk from old cows than from young ones having the same milk producing capacity. The period of profitable milking varies somewhat, but as a rule the best yield does not extend beyond the tenth year. When pasturage is short give the cows extra feed. When they once shrink, they do not come back again to their milk.—*Prairie Farmer.*

SHELTER THE STOCK.

Acts of Inhumanity Committed by Many Good, But Thoughtless Men.

Few realize how common is the practice of wintering farm animals outdoors unprotected from storms, piercing winds or intense cold, nor how intense is the suffering of stock so exposed. Many a man who belongs to the church, makes long and loud prayers and thinks himself very good and sure of eternal happiness, when he knocks at Heaven's gate may find his way barred with the skeletons of the poor brutes which suffered or perished through his neglect. Besides the inhumanity of this practice, its cost in dollars and cents to the farmers of this country would astonish them could they be brought to see how vast the sum thus worse than thrown away. On most farms where the stock so treated comes out of the winter "spring poor" and much of it fails to come through at all, and the owner complains of "bad luck" and "hard times," the food consumed is sufficient were warm barns provided to maintain every animal in fine condition and at a profit. No food is so efficient for keeping up bodily heat or will do it so cheaply as warm quarters, with walls wind and frost tight. Cold kept outside, food will be saved inside, and the animals, spared suffering, will render a paying return for what is eaten. When we attempt to keep stock warm by extra food the ration must be repeated every day, but warm stables once provided last many years and pay many times over for the one outlay. Animals were placed helplessly in man's keeping and he should see that they are well taken care of, and it will pay him to do it, even if obliged to sell one-half to provide means to build good quarters for the other half.—*J. S. Woodward, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Workers in Petroleum Wells.

Dr. Bielczyk publishes in a Polish medical journal the result of his experiences among the workers in petroleum wells. Very violent mental symptoms are produced by acute poisoning by the gaseous exhalations existing in the shafts of the wells, amounting to delirium of a maniacal character. These, however, always quickly cease when the patient is brought up to the earth's surface. Speaking generally, the mortality among the workmen is not particularly high; they seem to be remarkably free from diseases of the respiratory organs, both of an inflammatory and a tubercular character, and also from infectious diseases.—*Science.*

—Here is a marriage notice from a Quebec newspaper, which is a curiosity in its way: "D'Entremont—D'Entremont—At St. Peter's Church, West Pubnico, Dec. 24, by Rev. William M'Leod, Denis D'Entremont, the eleventh child of Dominique D'Entremont, to Sarah J. D'Entremont, also the eleventh child of Francois J. D'Entremont."

—A South End dentist in Boston had to pay $150 for pulling the wrong tooth.—*Boston Post.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

How It Was Observed in the White House Many Years Ago.

In the days of Mmes. Washington, Madison, Monroe and so down to Mrs. John Quincy Adams' time the New Year's receptions witnessed the very creme de la creme of metropolitan society at the White House. Refreshments used to be served, and the receptions were decidedly flavored with courtly etiquette. When General Jackson was elected his democratic friends had, of course, to pay him a New Year's call. The refreshments, especially the punch, were absolutely fought for, until they had to be given up.

Mrs. Washington assisted her husband in receiving the gentlemen of New York, who called to pay their respects to the chief magistrate on Friday, January 1, 1790, at what was then the executive mansion, at No. 3 Cherry street, New York. Mrs. John Adams was at the first New Year's reception held at the White House here, then in such an unfinished state that she used the East room to dry her clothes in. Then came President Jefferson, a widower, whose two daughters did what they could to smooth over his Democratic opposition to the courtly ceremonies of the old Federalists, followed by that charming North Carolina Quakeress, Dollie Payne, who first married a lawyer named Todd, and then Mr. Madison. It is chronicled that under her rule a new dispensation of social life was introduced into the White House, especially after the peace with England, 1816. Her receptions were gay, sparkling and delightful and her popularity was unbounded, and she reigned in Washington to the end of her long and happy life. Under Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. John Quincy Adams we had in the social reunion of the executive mansion a happy blending of dignity, refinement, and Republican simplicity. Mrs. J. Q. Adams was the last of the school of Martha Washington, of which she was a worthy representative.

Then came another widower, President Jackson, who banished etiquette and fashion from the White House and introduced the sovereign people. I remember well one very amusing reception in Jackson's time, when a patriotic set of Democratic dairymen in New York had made and sent to him a mammoth cheese, which he generously had distributed among his visitors. Cheese was "the order of the day," and the account of the scene by that fastidious writer, N. P. Willis, shows how his aristocratic senses were troubled: "Visitors found the sidewalk, extending from the gateway to the White House, thronged with citizens of all classes, those coming away having each a small brown paper parcel and a very strong smell, those advancing manifesting by shakings of the head and frequent exclamation, that there may be too much of a good thing, and particularly of a cheese. The beautiful portico was thronged with boys and coach-drivers, and the odor strengthened with every step. We forced our way over the threshold and encountered an atmosphere to which the mephitic gas floating over Avernus must be faint and innocuous. On the side of the hall hung a rough likeness of the General, emblazoned with eagle and stars, forming a background to the huge tub in which the cheese had been packed, and in the center of the vestibule stood the 'fragrant gift,' surrounded with a dense crowd, who, without crackers or even 'malt to their cheese,' had in two hours eaten and purveyed away fourteen hundred pounds. The small segment reserved for the President's use counted for nothing in the abstractions."

Mrs. President Tyler, who entered the White House as a bride, was queen-like at her New Year's receptions; Mrs. Polk was dignified and somewhat quiet: Miss Lane won golden opinions while her "Uncle Buchanan" was President, and so we reach our day and generation.—*Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

LINCOLN ON QUARRELS.

The Shields Duel the Last Personal Conflict of the Great Illinoisan.

This was Mr. Lincoln's last personal quarrel. Although the rest of his life was passed in hot and earnest debate, he never again descended to the level of his adversaries, who would gladly enough have resorted to unseemly wrangling. In later years it became his duty to give an official reprimand to a young officer who had been court-martialed for a quarrel with one of his associates. The reprimand is probably the gentlest recorded in the annals of penal discourses, and it shows, in few words, the principles which ruled the conduct of this great and peaceable man. It has never before been published, and it deserves to be written in letters of gold on the walls of every gymnasium and college.

"The advice of a father to his son, 'Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee!' is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."—*Nicolay and Hay, in Century.*

—At Los Angeles, Cal., recently, little Felippe Ambroda, while playing in the yard with his father's horse, tied the end of the halter around his own ankle. Then he and the horse trotted around until a jerk by the horse threw the boy under his heels and frightened him so that he set off on a run through the open gate, dragging his little playfellow after him. He ran two miles without stopping, and little Fellppe was alive then, but unconscious. He died soon after.

—It is estimated that there are one million blind persons living to-day. In Cairo, Egypt, where the proportion of blind persons to the number of inhabitants is greatest, there is one to very twenty residents.

FRANCIS JOSEPH.

The Somewhat Shadowy Existence of Austria-Hungary's Sovereign.

The Emperor of Austria is a shadowy personage compared with the other potentates of Europe. He is obliged to be a constitutional monarch, but in being so he is not obliged to mingle more than he pleases with his subjects. The Emperor of Germany takes pleasure in showing himself to his subjects whenever his health will permit. The Crown Prince with his family walks about the streets of Berlin. The Prince of Wales shows himself at all sorts of gatherings. Even the Emperor of Russia, though he is obliged to take every precaution against Nihilist conspiracies, is more in the public eye than this descendant of the Hapsburg. Francis Joseph was born an absolute monarch, and with the idea that he has no equals. To what extent that idea dominated the Hapsburgs, may be inferred from an anecdote that is told of Joseph II. When this sovereign threw open the Prater and the Augarten to his people, one of his nobles remarked to him that there would soon be no place where he could mingle with his Peers. "If I wished to content myself with the society of my Peers," replied the autocrat, "I should be obliged to pass my life in the vaults of the Capuchins." It is in the monastery of this order his ancestors are buried. Yet Joseph II used to walk about familiarly among his people, as did also Leopold II, while Maria Theresa was a motherly Empress, whom her subjects regarded as a personal friend.

The present Emperor is not lacking in amiable qualities. The constitution of 1848 deprived him of nearly every attribute of sovereignty, except the command of the army, which he refused to give up. He yielded gracefully, and now never attempts to transcend his traditional rights. He is a hard worker. He signs the acts of Parliament that are brought him after five o'clock in the morning, and takes his coffee at the desk where he performs his work. Maria Theresa left twelve sons, who, having been nearly as prolific as herself, have created a society of Peers whom the Emperor may associate with without a sense of degradation, and who are sufficiently numerous to prevent his getting lonesome. They form the principal part of his society. As for the ordinary nobility, they see him rarely and under the following circumstances: Sometimes there is an aristocratic ball, at which he shows himself, not to please with gracious familiarity, but to dazzle by his momentary presence. On these occasions he sometimes addresses a few condescending words to a few persons of importance. He appears also in the same flitting way at the balls given by associations of burghers, students, or of the industrial classes. Every year there is a court ball, to which are invited the chamberlains, the ladies of the noblesse of sixteen quarterings, the officers of the army, and the chevaliers who wear imperial orders. He gives a second fete, to which are invited the families of sixteen quarterings and the diplomatic corps. Occasionally the Emperor offers a dinner. With these exceptions he is not seen outside the circle of his numerous relatives.

Having been born to the rule brilliantly, he takes not unkindly to the duties that his position as a constitutional monarch imposes. He keeps himself *au courant* with public affairs. As he is not able to read all the newspapers, there is prepared for him a daily journal called the *Review of the Press*, made up of extracts from the journals all over the empire, and containing every thing that he cares to know in respect to public opinion. Personally he is popular, not alone at Vienna, but in the provinces. He has been doing his best to Germanize the empire, by having a knowledge of the German language diffused everywhere. In his personal habits he is remarkable for sobriety. He drinks little. His only diversion is the chase, to which he is so devoted that he will stalk a deer with the most ardent huntsman, follow the chamois to his remotest haunts, or rise at dawn to get a shot at the bird whose only appearance during the day is at that untimely and unimperial hour. It is not the Emperor, but his Ministers, who are responsible for public acts, and one who read the late speeches must have remarked that while his words were cool, conservative, unwarlike, those of his Ministers were more significant and threatening. It is probable that though he is confident of his army (and it is owing in a great measure to his personal efforts that it has been brought to its present degree of efficiency), he wants war as little as any body in his dominion.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Reckless Old Negro.

Jim Webster—I was jess sayin' de udder day, you was one ob de mos reckless men I eber seed.

"You is right. I isn't feared ob nuffin," replied Uncle Mose.

"Jess what I said. Den ob course you isn't afeared ter lend me a dollah."

"No, Jeems, I isn't afeared to lend you a dollah."

"Jess what I said. Hand ober de dockerment."

"I isn't afeared ter lend yer a dollah, but I does so hate to part with an old fren foreber. I'se got the dollah, Jeems, but I lacks conferdence."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Trouble of a Father.

Real Estate Agent (to applicant for house)—Any children?

Applicant—Two.

Agent—Can't let you have the house. We draw the line at one child.

Applicant—Well, really, I don't see——

Agent—Stay! I have a plan. I have a small malarious house in the suburbs. You might take that, and when your family is—er—reduced to the proper size, I can accommodate you.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—At Williamsburg, N.Y., recently, an old woman stole several overcoats from small boys in a novel manner. She would hire the boys to go on an errand for her, promising twenty-five cents on their return and the return of their coats, held as pledge of faithfully performing the errand.—*N. Y. Sun.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—When the clothing becomes wet, it should be dried as soon as possible.

—There are lots of fools who drive horses, and one of the biggest is the one who makes the horse trot down hill.—*Farm Journal.*

—Prof. Detmers, of the Ohio University, says the greatest favor a hog once infected with hog cholera can confer upon its owner is to die at once.

—To pour boiling hot water into a glass jar or tumbler, put a spoon in the dish before you pour. You can then pour without much risk of breaking.—*Exchange.*

—Corn Bread: Two cupfuls of sour milk, two of meal, one scant teaspoonful of soda, one egg. Bake either in pan or muffin rings, as preferred.—*Toledo Blade.*

—The experiment is being tried of giving vicious and restive horses a graduated shock of electricity when being shod. It is said to quiet the worst cases.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Hoe Cake: Add one pint of meal a little salt and water enough to make a stiff batter; have your griddle very hot so as to brown immediately the meal with which it must be thickly sprinkled; after turning and baking a while place inside of an oven and toast.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Horses kept in stables will be all the better for a run in the barnyard an hour every day, where they will not only exercise, but roll in the straw and clean themselves. They may need some extra grooming, but their improved condition under this management will repay it.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—J. M. Stahl says Illinois has better farm dwellings than New York or Pennsylvania, but that the Eastern farmers are far ahead of the Western so far as barns and out buildings are concerned. In some places he believes the barns are neater and better kept than the houses.

—An Eastern exchange says the raising of sweet corn, to those farmers residing near corn canning factories, is much more profitable than the culture of ordinary yellow corn. Some of them average from $50 to $75 per acre, while instances are reported where profits have reached $90 and $100 per acre.

—A Minnesota apiarian reports in the *Bee Journal* that his bees gathered last summer over 3,000 pounds of honey from acorns alone. It has a slight taste of tannin, and the color is bluish white, though the honey is clear. Prof. Cook says the acorns are pierced by an insect whose saliva changes the starch of the acorn into honey, which flows freely from the acorns, and is scattered on branches and leaves.

—Toilet soap you can make yourself. Six pounds of washing soda; one quart of air-slaked lime; nine pounds of grease. Boil soda and lime in seven gallons of rain-water for one hour. Then pour in a tub to cool. Dip the top off—which is lye. Then put the grease and lye in the kettle and boil for one and one-half hours, after which put in molds to cool. If you want it scented use oil of sassafras. This makes a handsome white soap.—*Boston Budget.*

RAISING TURKEYS.

Information Which May Prove Useful and Valuable to Poultry Keepers.

As to varieties, the bronze is now, in point of numbers, as twenty to one, taking into account the whole area of our country. The Narragansetts, too, are beautiful birds, and are purely bred, mainly in sections of a few New England States, while yet in some localities it is mainly the common black turkey which is raised. By the introduction into such a flock of a bronze gobbler, the average size of the progeny is greatly increased. Eggs from late-hatched birds of the preceding year will not hatch as fine birds as eggs from stock raised earlier in the season. Again, birds hatched from hens two or three years old are stronger and more apt to live than those hatched from the eggs of pullets. It is better to have the gobbler two or three years old or even older.

It is customary to set the first clutches of eggs under common hens. Those who own their own turkeys place the latter, when broody, for three or four days in a coop. They will then mate again, and these eggs being removed daily, are saved until she becomes broody a second time, when she should be allowed to hatch and rear the young herself. Those reared by common hens, when weaned, will run with the latter, thus making one flock in the fall.

A common hen that has proved herself good at raising chickens is not necessarily good with young turkeys. A dull hen and a fussy one are both to be avoided for this use. Give preference to one who seems to know her own mind and which has some plan about the care of the young brood, not giving to uncertain useless mothers. Chickens can stand a good deal of incompetency in a hen, but young turkeys are more imitative, and have a much more nervous temperament.

For setting a hen turkey, nothing is better than a deep roomy manger such as has been fitted up for cows in the light basement under a large barn, but not in use for the cows during the summer. The writer has a long row of such mangers with windows above facing west. He usually tacks cloth or paper across the lower part of any window that is near where any turkey is setting to favor the feeling of seclusion. To prepare a nest in the center of one of these mangers, lay sticks of wood so as to form a circle which shall keep the nest in shape within due limits. Next place about one inch in depth of fresh earth, on which place damp leaves, a greater depth nearer the outer part. Upon these put a little soft hay, making a roomy nest. Do not have the shape too hollow, for then the eggs will be on top of each other, which at the time of hatching would be the means of killing some of the young birds.

It is safe for the third and fourth week to sprinkle the eggs with water about blood warm twice a week, watching the opportunity when the setter, either turkey or common hen, comes off to feed. Do not touch nor handle the eggs, nor jar them in any way.—*American Cultivator.*